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WHEN YOU WANT to put your business before the public, there is no medium more effective than the advertising medium of the Bulletin. It is an advertising medium in Eastern Connecticut to the Bulletin, business results.

TO PRESERVE FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

New York, Dec. 17.—Business men of this metropolis, who are always doing something extraordinary in the way of commercial achievement, are going to move an entire industry—the garment trade—employing thousands of workers and millions of capital and housed in hundreds of buildings from one section of New York to another. The movement, known as the "Save Fifth Avenue" project, started several years ago and has just now assumed tangible form.

Factories which have long despoiled part of America's most famous shopping thoroughfares, scores of them, within a few months will have packed up bag and baggage and transferred their activity to another area of Manhattan—west of Seventh avenue from 36th to 39th street—there to establish the garment center of the United States.

Fifth avenue for years has borne the reputation of being the city's best residential street, the downtown section being devoted to retail shops of high and most diversified types. Into this region of imposing business buildings and exclusive merchants, as time went on, the cloak and suit manufacturers, made their way. Soon the sewing machine made fair to eliminate the yardstick. America's preponderance of elite trade and style was being transformed into a factory district where noon and closing whistles vied with limousine motor horns.

These cloak and suit manufacturers, however, most of them patriotic Americans and devotees of the welfare of New York, got together and co-operating with a group of men known as the "Save New York Committee," formulated plans for the erection of factory buildings in a less exclusive section of the city. Carrying the idea of co-operation still further they purchased many pieces of real estate, totaling 22,000 square feet, in the Seventh avenue section, and have obtained options on 102,000-square feet more.

Plans now contemplate the construction of four co-operative factory buildings of sixteen stories each with a combined floor space of 1,400,000 square feet at a yearly rental cost of approximately \$700,000, about 50 cents a square foot as against \$2.50 a square foot which many of the manufacturers are now paying. The most interesting in the project estimate a saving of not less than \$3,000,000 a year in rent alone, and other similar economies, they say, will effectively slash the high cost of living as regards women's garments. A reduction of from \$1 to \$2.25 per garment will be possible, they say, as a result of the stoppage of inflated rents. Sixty garment manufacturers with an annual output valued at \$850,000,000 are to begin the new venture and other lines of trade are to be invited to join the movement as its practicality and wisdom are demonstrated.

AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORIES



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OUR WELDING repairs perfectly, BROKEN ARMATURE SHAFTS, IRON AND STEEL CASTINGS, CRACKED BOILERS, BROKEN GAS AND STEAM CYLINDERS, FORGINGS, SHAFTING OF ALL KINDS—CAST IRON GEARS and castings, etc., in almost all metals and alloys. OUR WELDING is NOT brazing—it is the FUSING of broken parts into a strong whole—and ALL the work is done with competent skill and exacting care. Prompt service—reasonable charges.

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USQUEPAUGH

No services have been held at the church for two Sundays on account of the rain.

Mr. and Mrs. Coville and son have taken rooms at West Kingston for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Cole of Providence were attendants at Richmond grange meeting last Thursday evening.

Mrs. Ida M. Kenyon and Master Everett went to Providence Saturday.

E. Sam James was a caller here Tuesday.

Clark Whitford, Jr., was a caller here Monday.

Mrs. Hattie Brown of Westerly, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Lamond, returned home Sunday.

Ward Alger and family of Westerly visited friends here Sunday afternoon.

CHESTERFIELD
Misses Florence Powers and Ruth Morgan were callers on Mrs. James Miner of New London Thursday.

The dance in the Eureka Social club Thursday evening was well attended.

There was only half day school in the Twelfth district Tuesday on account of teachers' meeting in Montville.

A surprise party was given Mrs. George Chappell Saturday evening on her birthday. A large number was present and the evening was greatly enjoyed by all.

James Miner, Jr., of New London spent Sunday with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Morgan, of Lake Ronomoc.

Miss Ethel Kaplan was in New London Saturday on business.

William Powers, who has been very

it does make a difference WHERE YOU BUY Your PIANO if you care about the Musical QUALITY and VALUE. PLANT-CADEN CO. NORWICH, CONN.

LYME

Mrs. Henry Brockway of Centerbrook spent last week with her sister, Mrs. James Danicla.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Noyes are at the Evergreens, their summer home, for a short time.

Monroe State is ill with pneumonia. Albert Cunningham, who has received his discharge from the U. S. N., is visiting his sister, Mrs. L. E. Rand. Willard-Otis of New London visited his parents Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Marjorie Lord was a Hartford visitor the first of the week.

Mrs. Anna Sherwood of New London returned home last Thursday after spending the past six months with Mrs. Mary Tiffany.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Irvine have left for Chicago to visit their daughter, Mrs. Simpson, going first to Louisville, Ky., to visit Mrs. Irvine's mother.

See View Pomona grange met with Lyme grange last week Thursday.

W. C. Brown of New London was a caller at R. M. Peck's Monday.

OCCUM AND VERSAILLES
The recent installing of electric lights in the store of John Quinn makes the lighting end of both store and postoffice up to date. The electric current is furnished by the Versailles Sanitary Fibre Mills company.

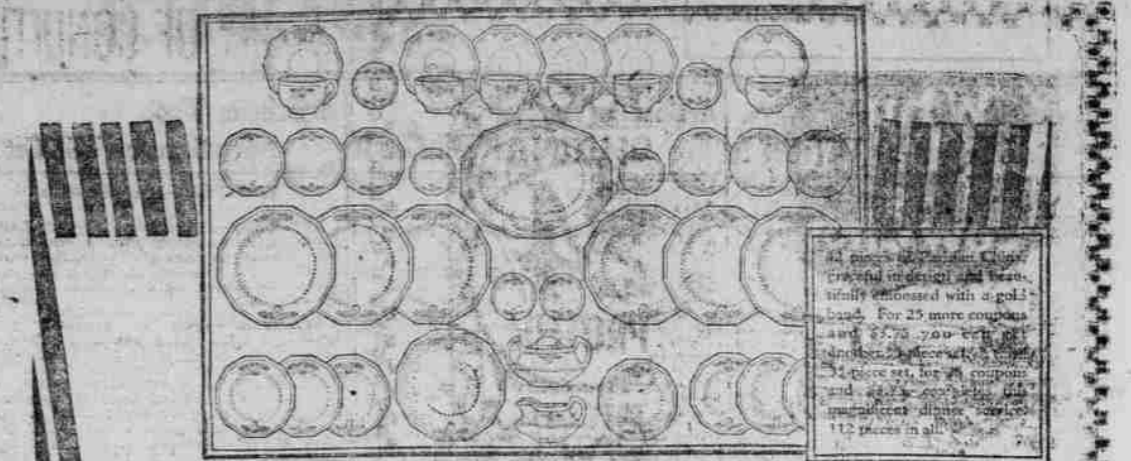
One of the many recent improvements being made by the Versailles Sanitary Fibre Mills company is the removing of the different styles of fence which circle the Versailles plant, replacing these by an up-to-date steel and iron fence.

The Totoket Manufacturing company has completed rebuilding the upper part of its retaining wall of the channel, placing an iron-supported picket fence on the top, 475 feet in length. The fence is a protection for all using the sidewalk and is especially welcomed by the parents of young children of the village.

The series of socials held recently in the Occum hall by the members of the Totoket Hose company added \$122 to its treasury.

Where Michigan Excels.
Michigan leads in beans, potatoes, copper, iron and, we understand, the cost of United States senators.—Grand Rapids Press.

To the youth who loves there are but two places in the world—one where his sweetheart is, and the other where she is not.



This Beautiful Dinner Set For You!

A complete set of 42 pieces of handsome Parisian China decorated with a rose pattern for only 25 coupons and \$3.75 in cash. Every dust-proof, odor-proof package of the famous

Wedgwood Creamery Butter

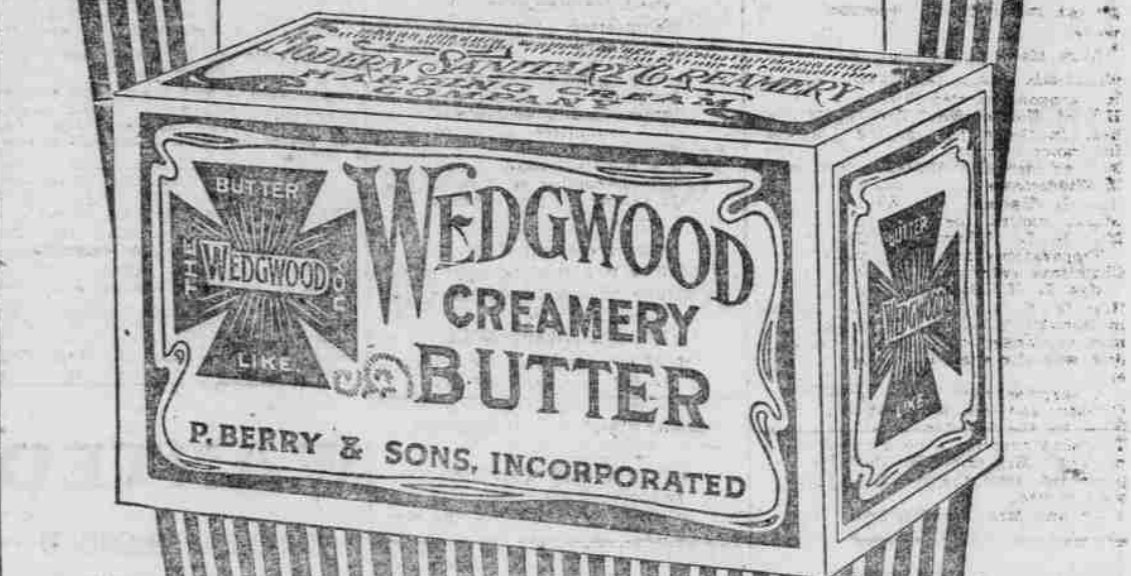
contains one coupon. It also contains one pound of the finest rich creamery butter money can buy. Churned of the purest cream. And the price is reasonable. Ask for it by name at your grocer's.

—AND, every package of Parkdale Farm Eggs contains one coupon.

Send money and coupons to

P. Berry & Sons, Inc., Hartford, Conn.

Sole Distributors for New England States



It's a great pity that the average man cannot draw a check as easily as he can draw an inference.

There is a vast difference between the lay of a foot and the lay of a pulpit.

A man should have plenty of backbone for himself and a library of backbone for the rest of the family.

The Call of the Hills

By Elsie Endicott

I was at the Dillinghams dinner dance at the Country Club that Phil Brockford first saw Marie Lester, a pale slip of a girl in white, who reminded him of the picture of a saint, her golden hair making a halo above her pretty face. She sat facing him at a small table in the same alcove.

"Are you looking at the girl with Wilton Dillingham?" asked Margaret Miller, who was Phil's dinner partner.

"Yes, she reminds me of a wild flower in early spring, delicate and fragile. Do you know her?"

"Yes; she is Marie Lester, Wilton's fiancée. The Dillinghams are giving this affair to show her off, I fancy."

"She was not in the receiving line."

"No; she is a bit difficult for her mother-in-law to be, I hear. She does not care for society."

"Where did Wilton meet her?"

"I have not heard officially," laughed Margaret, "but in a round-about way I have understood that she is a home product, right out of the country."

Phil Brockford looked interested. "I would like very much to meet her if you can manage it."

"All right," agreed Margaret, "but I am sorry for Wilton if she comes under the magic of the much-adored Phil."

"It isn't fair, Margaret, to flatter a man who is getting pretty close to 30."

"Don't you know that nothing will appeal to that girl as much as the attention of a sophisticated man of the world like you? I was young, too once upon a time," said Margaret, "and I know."

"You are still young!"

"Don't!" cried Margaret, sharply. "I am 30 today."

When they were ready to begin dancing Margaret took Phil to the table where Wilton Dillingham and Marie Lester still sat, talking earnestly.

"May I present the famous bachelor."

Mr. Brockford, Miss Lester? He has been admiring you all through dinner."

When it came his time to claim her for a dance, Phil whirled her around the big ballroom once and then led the way out on an upper porch, screened in and hung with vines and great clusters of trailing arbutus.

"I wonder where the Dillinghams bought this arbutus. It makes me homesick for my little stone lodge in the mountains."

"I brought it," answered the girl, "and it makes me homesick, too."

"If you love the mountains, we have one strong bond of sympathy between us," he said.

"I was born in the mountains."

"About eighteen years ago?"

"A woman who tells her age will tell anything," laughed Marie. "I am older perhaps than I look."

Wilton Dillingham appeared in the

open doorway. "I was sent to take this girl away, Brockford," he said. "A half dozen fellows are ready to engage you in duels because you have kept her overtime."

Phil stood watching the girl's slender figure move across the ballroom by her young host. He turned then, broke a little sprig of arbutus and sat down on the bench they had just vacated, thinking of his own lost youth. Marie Lester was the embodiment of the springtime and joy of life. She was to marry Wilton Dillingham, a good example of a club and society man. Women choose strange mates, mused Phil, looking down at the dawn-pink arbutus flowers. Something long dormant, stirred in his heart.

He seemed to see an old house on a high hill and a girl with wind-blown hair playing in the meadow with a crowd of little children. She had been to him the Madonna of his boyish dreams. The scene faded and he saw

her being laid to rest in the fragrant meadow where, in life, she had loved to play. He heard the sound of little children crying, and his own eyes grew misty at the thought of his own loneliness for almost twenty years. Few of the men he knew kept a vision in their hearts. And because of the green mound and the simple shaft of white marble back in the meadow near his boyhood home, sheltered by the mountains they had both loved, Phil had come to be called the impossible bachelor. How long he sat there lost in reverie, he never knew. Suddenly he was conscious that the little visitor of the Dillinghams had come back and was talking to him.

"I wondered if I would find you here," he heard her say. "I am afraid that I am a social failure. Now, if I were back home, in the meadow, with all my neighbors' children around me, I could really shine."

Phil wondered if he had wakened

from his dream. He felt a sudden fierce longing to take the girl in his arms and cry out that he had been cheated of love long enough. Marie had just such a face and such a voice as the Madonna of his boyish dreams. Now that he had found her again, or at least a duplicate of her, surely he was not too old to seek happiness after all.

"Are you going to marry Wilton Dillingham?" His own voice sounded strange to him. "I have no right to ask you such a question, but I would like to know. I am not asking for his curiosity. Please believe that."

"Just because you remind me of somebody I knew and loved a long time ago I will answer your question, even if it is quite personal. I could not marry Wilton. We have absolutely nothing in common."

"Then you are not engaged to Wilton?"

"No, I am not engaged to anybody."

She was smiling as she held up a slender, ringless hand.

Phil caught the hand in his own. "Give me a chance! Will you?"

"Were you ever in Carter county, in this state?" she asked.

"Yes, when I was young. Why, why, child," he whispered wonderingly, "you are the little Lester girl I used to entertain with stories when I was just a boy and in love with your sister. I have never loved anybody else until I met you."

"And I have always remembered you," she said softly.

"Will you give me a chance, and some day when you have learned to care, will you go back with me to the mountains—as my wife?"

She nodded, her eyes full of happy tears, and, with his arms around her, he saw beyond the vine hung walls, the world old trail, bordered with arbutus that for him led back to youth and love and happiness.

Eyes That Cannot See

By Phil Moore

HE put the cover on the cold cream jar and studied her freshly massaged face in the glass—studied it mercilessly, critically, as though it were the face of another woman. "I do believe," she thought, "that I rub in more wrinkles than I rub out. I suppose, however, that at forty-seven one must expect to have wrinkles and gray hairs and a flabby throat." She swallowed hard. "If it wasn't for him I'd never open a cold cream jar again. I'm sick of massage and powder, tired to death of trying to keep young. What's the use, anyway? I'm growing older each day."

She had a mental picture of herself trying to overtake her fleeing youth with a cold cream jar in one hand and a powder puff in the other. What a caricature! Vital enough to make any artist's fortune. She smiled faintly. And then tears came.

Buried her face in her hands and gave herself up to the misery of reflection.

It was misery to reflect. For the first time she was allowing herself to

look squarely at the inevitable, the thing that was. She did not like it. What woman does? The bravest woman in the world quails when life draws her firmly to one side and says to her: "My dear, it's a case of the sheep and the goats. I'll have to place you with the goats. In other words, you are old, and must resign yourself to the society of your contemporaries." Happy the woman whose husband accompanies her on the way. Still happy is she whose husband has preceded her. But to go alone and to leave the one dear being in all the world to you behind! Well, that is the penalty many a woman pays for marrying the man that is too young for her.

He had not seemed so much too young fifteen years before. In fact, she had scarcely thought about their ages at all. She was thirty-two, fresh and fair. He was twenty-two and looked older than he was. He said ten years was nothing. "You wouldn't object, dear, if I were that much older than you. Why, then, should you object because I happen to be that much

younger?" He had persuaded her with his arguments. It is true she had been quite willing to be persuaded. She loved him and she was not unwise when it came to men and their ways. She had at least four chances to marry—chances which her friends scolded her for refusing. She, however, had her own opinion of these chances and clung to it. She knew that Carl Potter wanted her for her money; that old Mr. Dacre wanted her because she was young and could take care of him in his old age; that Claude Jones and Albert Fairris asked her, the one because it was his mother's wish, the other because it was his father's. In every instance her money was the main regard. But with Seth it had been different. He had money of his own and he saw only her. It was the love of a boy for a woman. Every boy experiences that love. It won her heart because in all her life she had never known such love before.

They had had fifteen happy years. Up to the present time she had kept her pace with Seth. Resolutely in se-

cret she had fought encroaching age. She had good health, her gowns were invariably becoming; she was apparently always in gay humor. But in her soul she wrestled and felt herself succumbing.

She began to consider Seth when they were out. He had grown very fine-looking—the type of man every young woman adores. There was one girl, that Clifford girl, Maude—she had never been jealous until one night she saw the three of them reflected in one mirror—Seth, herself, and glowing Maude Clifford. It was not so much jealousy then as fear and heart-sickness.

Sometimes she saw Seth looking at her strangely, but when she asked him why he always shook his head and sighed. For some time now he had seemed abstracted, sad, troubled. But he would say nothing. And she dare not question him lest he tell her the truth! At least, so long as she did not actually know there was some little relief in doubt.

For four days now he had been away from home, in the city. It was the

first time he had ever gone away from her and stayed so long. He had given no excuse for his going beyond a murmured excuse, "Business." Of course, she knew it was not business. What was it? He was coming home tonight—he had written to say so! That much, but no more. And here in her room she was making ready for him. She had summoned all her forces, brought up all her reserves. But when she looked into the glass she felt herself defeated.

Slowly she came out of her misery and raised her head. The hands of the little ivory clock on her dresser had traveled a long way, since she had glanced at them last. She had barely time to resume her composure, put on her gown and get downstairs to welcome her husband.

She put on a pink gown that he liked to see her wear, but her skin refused to reflect its joyous color. One thought throbbed in her like an extra heart. What had Seth been about in the city? Helen More's husband had done just that, and the next thing Helen knew she was confronted with a divorce, di-

vorce! Separation! She clenched her hands against her breast. No, she could not believe that of Seth any more than she could believe he was ill and in trouble.

The automobile was coming—she heard it, too, as it turned in at their drive. She switched off the lights and ran downstairs. Before she reached the foot of the flight the door opened and her husband entered.

"Hello!" he said, merely.

She went to him. "You've been gone a long time, dear." Her voice trembled, but she tried to appear calm and natural. In agony she realized that he had come home stranger than when he went away.

"Yes, that's so," he said. He took her by the shoulders and looked at her. "Adm—"

She held herself firmly. "Yes, dear. What have you to tell me?"

"How do you know I've anything to tell you?"

She tried to smile. "Oh, I know. Don't be afraid to say what you feel. I'm not afraid to hear it."

His hands were like lead weights on her shoulders. "You won't like it. It's bad news."

"I can bear anything except to hear that you are ill!"

"Oh, I'm not ill. I'm strong as iron. That's the devil of it." He let her go. "Adm. I've been in hell for four days. And the worst of it is—"

"Tell me, Seth."

His face twisted. "You've got to live with a blind man for the rest of your married life," he said.

She stood staring at him with pity and amazement and sorrow. But through the rock one tiny spark glowed. She flung her arms about him and cuddled him close. "If only you love me!" she breathed.

He kissed her cheek. "How you take it!" he said, and there was a note of courage in his voice. "What a blessed, wonderful woman you are! Love you! I always have and always will. But will you love me—when I'm—when I'm—"

"More! More!" she whispered. And she knew that he believed her.